

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustlie, as your soule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greece,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. Exit.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleuee your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserue of mee
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as
possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but
beleuee me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword Beatrice thou lou'st me.

Beat. Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will sweare by it that you loue mee, and I will
make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sawce that can be deuised to it, I pro-
test I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You haue stayed me in a happy howre, I was a-
bout to protest I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart, that none
is left to protest.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarry sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue
in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. Beatrice.

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O
that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they
come to take hands, and then with publike accusation
vncouered slander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me Beatrice.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper
saying.

Bene. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, she is slandered,
she is vndone.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surelie a Princely testi-
monie, a goodly Count, Comfett, a sweet Gallant sure-
lie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any
friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is mel-
ted into curfies, valour into complement; and men are
onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now
as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and sweares it:
I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a wo-
man with grieuing.

Bene. Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I loue thee.

Beat. Vie it for my loue some other way then swea-
ring by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count Claudio
hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I
will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this hand Clau-
dio shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me,
so thinke of me: goe comfort your cousin, I must say she
is dead, and so farewell.

Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke
in gownes.

Keeper. Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley. O a Roole and a cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition
to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be ex-
amin'd, let them come before master Constable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is
your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Kemp. Pray write downe Borachio. Yours sirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is Conrade.

Kee. Write downe Master gentleman Conrade: mai-
sters, doe you serue God: maisters, it is proued alreadie
that you are litle better than false knaues, and it will goe
neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your
selues?

Con. Marry sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I
will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word
in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false
knaues.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside, fore God they are both in
a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you goe not the way to ex-
amine, you must call forth the watch that are their ac-
cusers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the easiest way, let the watch
come forth: maisters, I charge you in the Princes name,
accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said sir, that Don Iohn the Princes
brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write downe, Prince Iohn a villaine: why this
is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bor. Master Constable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke
I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Marry that he had receiued a thousand Du-
kates of Don Iohn, for accusing the Lady Hero wrong-
fully.

Kemp.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

Const. Yea by th' masse that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count Claudio did meane vpon his
words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and
not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euer-
lasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more masters then you can deny,
Prince Iohn is this morning secretly stolne away: Hero
was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd,
and vpon the griefe of this sodainly died: Master Con-
stable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato;
I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

Const. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sext. Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe.

Kemp. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write
downe the Princes Officer Coxcombe: come, binde them
thou naughty varlet.

Cowley. Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not
suspect my yeeres? O that hee were here to write mee
downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse:
though it be not written down, yet forget not y I am an
asse: No thou villaine, y art full of piety as shall be prou'd
vpon thee by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and
which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houshold-
der, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in
Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich
fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses,
and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing hand-
some about him: bring him away: O that I had been write
downe an asse!

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second griefe,
Against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,
As water in a sie: giue not me counsaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.

Bring me a father that so lou'd his childe,
Whose ioy of her is ouerwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,
Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,

And let it answere euery straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,

And sorrow, wagge, erie hem, when he should grone,
Parch griefe with proverbes, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:

But there is no such man, for brother, men
Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themselues nor feelee, but tasting it,
Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,

Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience
To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow:

But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie
To be so morall, when he shall endure
The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,
My griefs cry lower then aduertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ,
Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,

For there was neuer yet Philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the file of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,
Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,
My soule doth tell me, Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Broth. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We haue some haste Leonato.

Leo. Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with vs, good old man.

Broth. If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Clau. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry y dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword,
I feare thee not.

Clau. Marry besheew my hand,
If it should giue your age such cause of feare,
Infaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Tush, tush, man, neuer feere and iest at me,
I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,

As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,
What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know Claudio to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,

And with grey haire and bruise of many daies,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,

I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:

O in a tombe where neuer scandall slept,
Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Clau. My villany?

Leonato. Thine Claudio, thine I say.

Prin. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

He proue it on his body if he dare,

Despight his nice fence, and his actiue practise,

His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.

Clau. Away, I will not haue to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kild my child,
If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one first:

Win